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I am prepared this season, as usual, to furnish the people of North Platte with a first-class quality of ice cut from my lake and frozen from pure well water. This ice is far superior to river ice. All orders will be WM. EDISpromptly filled.

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Warehouse on West Front Street.

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Sold by A. F. Streitz, Druggist.

HIS PROPER ATTITUDE. "You know I love you," he observed. His words were curt, his tone incisive. A saucy smile her red lips curved The while she tried to look submissive

"But me no silly romance rules,
And if you think to find me pleading
Down on my knees like other fools
You'll find your hopes are quite mislead

Said she, "Although you are so rude, "
I can't help wishing that I knew, sir,
Whether your stern resolves preclude
Your kneeling down to tie my shoe, sir." He knelt to knot the loosened bow.

"And are you sure you love me dearly?"
She gently breathed, still bending low.

"With all my heart," he answered clearly,

"And wish you to become my wife."
Her laugh rang out, "Yes, if you please, sir,"
like said, "I'll gladly share your life,
Now that you've asked me on your knees, sir,"
—Madeline S. Bridges in Providence Journal.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Once upon a time there lived a prince who loved nothing in the world so well as the sound of the nightingale's song. Therefore he kept a great number of nightingales in golden cages and fed and cared for them with his own hands. One morning he was riding out on a bird catching expedition, with a groom to follow him laden with nets and bait. Over night the bads on the beech trees had burst forth, and the tender leaves were glistening in the morning sunshine like green silk. The spring breeze gently stirred the anemones among the brown leaves on the ground, and from the grassy slopes nodded yellow prim-roses. It was a delicious morning for

In the densest part of the forest there was a spring where the animal inhabitants of the wood were wont to drink. There our two bird catchers dismounted, led their horses to one side and spread their net. Already the birds were to be heard in the branches of the trees. Gay finches, red breasted robins and steel blue tomtits were hovering about, and in the distance could be

heard the call of the nightingale. Suddenly the sound of a song coming from mortal lips was heard, the birds flew startled away into the forest, and the bird catchers were foiled for that day. A slender maid came tripping to the brook, a pale cheeked lass with long brown braids, and in her hands she carried an earthen jug. Her song was such as the village children sing, but her voice was as clear as a bell. The | wondered if he could walk there, and if gave the songstress for having spoiled would be glad to see him. the bushes and after bowing to her gave

the maiden a very kindly greeting.

The little lass was startled when the king's son stood so suddenly before her. She turned to flee away into the forest, but the prince begged her to stay and to grant him a drink from her pitcher. She offered the prince its pure, cool contents, and as he took a long, slow draft she raised her eyes and allowed her gaze to wander over his strong. young figure. He thanked her, gave back the jug and bad his horse brought to him. When he was in the saddle, he bent down again to the pale child and caressed her brow with his white hand.

Then he rode away. She followed him with her gaze until he had quite disappeared behind the tree trunks. Then she sat down on a stone and stared at the water. The sun rose higher, and the strength of his rays brought out thousands of buds. "Ah, if I only were a nightingale!" said the maiden to herself. "I would let myself be caught by him; he would carry me away to his castle, where I should see him every day."
"You would like to be a nightin-

gale?" inquired a voice which came from an old woman who suddenly stood before the girl leaning with her palsied right hand on a crutchlike staff. "So you would like to be a nightingale?" asked the old woman again. That can be managed. By my magic will change you into one. In the day-

time you must be a nightingale and at night a little maiden. Will you do "Yes, mother, I will." "But as a reward," went on the old voman, "you must give me 10 years of

your life. Will you do this also?" "Yes," answered the poor child joy-"Very well; then follow me to my hut. It is not very far from here.

must give you a powerful drop to drink," With these words the witch led the girl deep into the forest.

The next day when the prince came to the brook he found the most beautiful nightingale he had ever seen singing among the hedges. He laid his net, and the songstress came fluttering toward it, but instead of falling into the trap it flew over to him and perched itself upon his hand and so was captured. He carried the nightingale home, placed it in a splendid cage and was delighted with its wonderful notes. To the other captive birds, however, he gave their freedom, for he now valued their singing little more than he would the twittering of sparrows. At last he began to love the nightingale so dearly that he could hardly be parted from her at all. Wherever he went the nightingale accompanied him, and even when he was on horseback she perched upon his shoulder. She sang ceaselessly from morning until evening, but at night after she had sung the prince to sleep she took on her mortal form and sitting at his bedside gazed at her beloved. As soon as the cocks began to crow the maiden turned into a nightingale again and woke the prince with her song. One day the old queen mother sent for the prince and said to him: "My

times. Cash paid for Hides. for the prince and said to min. dear son, next month you will be 18 king. A king should also have a queen. I have therefore sought and found for you the most beautiful and virtuous princess under the sun, who also brings to you half a kingdom as dower. And that is something. She arrives tomorrow, and the wedding will be celebrated

in three days. Does this please you?"
"Yes. my lady mother," answered
to the street. Then the neighbors came in and said, 'What did General Grant have in his paper?' I replied, 'Washington pie—a 10 cent slice for himself

and one for that young officer.' "The war was over, and I had never heard from my husband and thought he must be dead. I was doing well in my Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimany friends and was much respected. many friends and was much respected. I remember very well that one day a nigger came into my store and said, 'Have you got any cheap cigars?' I gave him one and said, 'This is 5 cents.' He bit it and then threw it into my face, crying, 'Have you nothing better for me than that?' 'Yes. I have something better for you,' I said, and I hit him over the mouth and nose with a poker, and he rushed howling and bleeding into the street. In half an hour a corporal and two soldiers came in and arrested me. I laughed and said: You must allow me time to put on my connet and lock up my store. Then I will go with you with pleasure.' When we got to the provest, he said, 'Why, Mrs. 'Guste. I am surprised to see you.

What possible complaint can there be against you?' When he had heard my story as well as the nigger's, he told me

"Twins," said the clerk laconically, and she has not spoken to him since.—

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CARRIED OFF BY A WOLF.

so go back to my store and said very

severely to the nigger: 'Is this the use

see you.' I said, 'Well, then, let him

come and see me.' Mr. Paxton begged

so hard and I got so curious that I put

would not dress up for any man who

would not take the trouble to come and

see me-and went home with him to

his house. I grew cold and felt faint,

for there, talking to Mrs. Paxton, was

before. My heart beat like a hammer,

but I just said: 'Well, so you are alive

and have turned up at last, have you?

Where have you been for eight years?

who had a market, and whose name

was such a hard one that everybody

called her Mrs. 'Guste for short, he said

he wanted to see her, and asked how to go to her store. When he started, he

said his knees felt very queer, and he

to which Mr. Paxton had directed him.

and there he found a man—a dreadful looking man, he said—weighing sugar.

stay in my house, and if you are not go-

HARD TIMES IN AUSTRALIA.

A Great Increase In Crime and Destitu

\$200 from the postoffice.

The government's claim is that the un-

the governor to call a special session of

would not break rock for food alone.

a cartridge in his mouth.—San Francis-

Interpreting a Dreambook.

A young married woman, living in

the east end, had a peculiar dream one

evening. She dreamed that she was

down town on Euclid ayenue with her

baby and was preparing to board a car

to go home. The step of the new En-

car started and left without the child.

that she awoke. Her relief at finding

learn what it all signified.

as much to me as my baby?"

co Chronicle.

Due to Industrial Depression.

on my bonnet-my old bonnet, for

ury of a husband.'

you make of your liberty? Go home Rescued After It Had Been Carried and behave like a white man if you can. Two Miles by Its Captor. "Four years more went by, and I was Last Saturday a big wolf which has terrorized the people of the Bumpas cave sure my husband was dead. I was well off, had a large market where I emregion, in North Carolina, for the last ployed six men and was fast growing rich. I had many offers to change my two or three years entered the cabin of a mountaineer named Brown during the name, but I always gave the same anmomentary absence of the housewife, swer to all, 'Thank you, sir, for the compliment, but I prefer to support only myself and do not care for the luxand, seizing the only occupant, an infant 6 months old, by the clothing in the region of the chest, lifted it from the rude cradle and bore it away into the moun-"One day a Mr. Paxton, whose wife tains. When the mother returned to the knew, came in and said, 'Come up to house and missed the baby, she rushed to our house.' 'I have no time,' I said. the door just in time to see the wolf and What is the matter? Is your wife sick?' He said, 'No, she is not sick, but there is a man there who wants to

neighboring woods. The distracted woman began to scream. This brought the husband, who was chopping wood not far away, to the scene in a high state of excitement. The story from the lips of the hysterical mother almost drove the brave fellow daft, but he seized his ax, called his dog and started in hot pursuit. There were about two inches of snow on the ground, and it providentially enabled the desperate father of the kidnaped infant to strike the trail Auguste—my husband—looking just the same as when he left me eight years of the wolf immediately after leaving his dooryard. Once upon the track of the beast, he rushed through the mountains with a speed born of distraction expecting every moment to come upor Have you had a good time and been traveling all over the world?' 'Oh, Jothe old assassin licking his chops red with the warm blood of his victim. About two miles from his cabin the

sephine,' he said and began to cry.
"Poor fellow, he had been wounded tracks of the wolf led the pursuer under and taken prisoner and very ill. When a long shelf of rock protruding from the the war was over and he was well again, side of a mountain. There was no snow he began to hunt for me. Not finding here, and the father lost the trail, but he me in Columbus, he went to every place now urged his dog, which up to this time he had compelled to remain with him. The dog took the lead, and the where he had ever been before, which meant a good many journeys for a man who had always traveled all the time. No doubt he enjoyed himself very much. entrance to the wolf's den, from which He had been in Vicksburg the year behe could hardly hope to get the baby alive. But his fears were groundless. fore. Now he was on his way down the river from St. Louis to New Orleans. He soon came upon his faithful dog wag-The boat was delayed for a few hours ging his tail and looking down at a little at Vicksburg, and Auguste was taking white bundle at his feet. It was the a walk when he met Mr. Paxton and baby, sound asleep and most frozen, apbegan talking to him. He asked if there parently unhurt otherwise. were many French people in Vicksburg.
'A good many,' said Mr. Paxton. Then
Auguste asked about the women, and when he heard there was a Mrs. 'Guste

Brown took off his coat, and wrapping the infant snugly in it started hastily for home. He soon met his wife and two or three of the neighbors to whom she had given the alarm. It was a most remarkable rescue. The mountaineers say that it was only a freak of the "mad" welf. but the little one no doubt owes its life to a drenching of petroleum given it for some cutaneous affection by its mother just before it was carried away. The prince listened with pleasure and for- it was really his Mrs. 'Guste, and it a odor of the oil was too much for his the child after laving it down under the rocks and preparing to make a delicious meal, then left in disgust .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat Special.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITION.

'Is this your store?' asked Auguste.
'Yes, sir,' answered the man. 'What can I do for you?' Auguste did not say Saving the Drops of Water That Wash another word to the man, but rushed the Priest Who Died Recently. out into the street, crying: 'Mon Dieu! The latest event in the religious work Josephine is married to another. I will is the death, funeral and cremation of travel and never return.' Then he hurthe chiefest priest of the largest and most powerful Buddhist sect in Japan. ried back to the boat and met Mr. Paxton, who said, 'Did you know Mrs. The funeral was attended by many tens 'Guste?' Auguste answered, 'How can of thousands of people from all over she be Mrs. 'Guste when she is married to another who is not 'Guste?' Auguste very sacred, and anything that has come had gone into a wrong store-one not a quarter the size of mine. But he was too merit and powerful in itsefficacy to save. exhausted to go again to find me and said that every drop of the water that was Mr. Paxton must bring me to his house. "'Well. 'Guste,' said I. 'you may ceived by the priests and laymen alike. ing to try to make me travel I am really Little bamboo joints were used as (Ga.) Dispatch. very glad to see you, but if you are go-ing to travel you may travel alone as you vials in which to receive and carry away the precious fluid. This water will be have for eight years. While you remain used as drops of saving elixir when the in Vicksburg I will support you and will body of some believer is washed for its burial—as a few drops of the attar of send you your coffee to your bed in the morning. I get up at 4 and will not have my business meddled with. And I will never travel.'"—New York Post. roses might be used in a bath-and the one receiving this washing will be insur-ed a safe and happy entrance into the

Buddhist paradise. Sad, sad, unspeakably sad, and ye millions of these people believe this to be true.—Correspondence Independent.

Advices from Australia by the steamer Warrimoo bow an alarming increase in Hard Lines for the Marquis. casualties, crimes and acute distress. That interesting member of the Brit The police are unable to cope with desish aristocracy, the Marquis of Ailesbury, will be adjudged a bankrupt if perate housebreakers, who swarm in the within a month he does not pay \$1,250,large cities. A few that have been arrested give as an excuse that famine 000 due to creditors above certain doubtdrove them to deeds of violence. Several ful assets. The marquis has been gal-On one day last week at Sydney, berare tribute to his cunning or that of his sides a score of petty robberies, the city hospital was robbed of all its valuables lawyers. His lordship's chief lament is that he is married, and therefore unable to wed an heiress. He has no doubt of by nurses. Mercredie & Drew, manufacturers, were robbed of \$50,000 by em- his personal attractions or of the comployees. F. Coxon, merchant, was robbed mercial value of his title. Yet these by an employee of a large sum. Three splendid assets are unrealizable because. young women succeeded in passing a years ago, when he was young and had number of counterfeit checks. Charles plenty of money, he married Dolly Tes-Graham, a postoffice clerk, embezzled

ter out of a music hall at Brighton .-London Cor. New York Sun. employed problem is too complicated to Lively Bidding For an Heirloom solve. In Sydney \$500 each week is spent in aiding 500 families. Five thou-The sum of \$1,370 is rather a high price to pay for a turkey dish, yet this is the figure at which one was knocked down to a purchaser in Penn township at the sand men in South Australia have asked sale of personal property of Levi Geiss. The dish is a rare old piece of chinaware, parliament to discuss means to aid them. The governor refused. Then they waited beautifully ornamented, and was puron Premier Kingston, but the premier would promise nothing. He told them chased 20 years ago at a sale by Mr. that though they were in want of food they had refused to break 11 yards of Geiss for \$2.50. Each of his children expressed a desire to have it, and as they could reach no agreement as to who rock per week for rations, and he could should be the owner they decided to put it up at the sale of the other household do no more. The delegation said they Thousands are sleeping in the open air, and several have starved to death. At effects. It was started at \$10 and run up rapidly at \$20 a jump until it was awarded to the youngest son—Peter—at

Bourke, Afghans and Europeans quar-reled over a division of labor, and a 61,870.—Reading (Pa.) Dispatch. bloody row occurred. The most tragic What They Thought of Childs. suicides out of 98 in one week, directly A press clipping bureau has just com-pleted a collection of 3,500 newspaper the result of hard times, are: F. W. Wilson, the biscuit manufacturer of Brisbane, shot himself; William O'Connor, comments on the life and works of G. Letter. W. Childs. The two volumes in which they have been carefully and chronolog jumped from the fourth story and dashed nis brains out on the pavement; Kate ically pasted are beautifully bound in black morocco. Among all the clippings Brooks, a pretty English girl, starving, got drunk and killed herself with poison; there was only one that made an unkind remark regarding Mr. Childs. Joseph Bancroft, a miner out of work, said goodby to his family and exploded

And Well Done. The cry of "Well! man" will be heard oorth pole.-Newport News.

The final decision of the secretary of the interior in the land case of Francis L. Box and Jerry Dammon against Jessie M. Sinclair has been received. The case was tried in the local land office in 1891. consented, but before he could return office affirmed the decision of the local the infant to the arms of its mother the office Aug. 22, 1892. Both defeated parties again appealed to the secretary, who has now confirmed the commission-The grief of the young woman was in-tense, and so troubled was her mind er's decision in favor of Miss Sinclair. It is seldom there is a tinge of romance about a land office case. There is in this one. Miss Sinclair, whose home was at Durand, was a schoolteacher. Her affec-

it all a dream was so great that she decided to buy a book on dreams and The next day she called at a down tions had been gained by a worthy young town book store and related her dream man whose home is not far from the to the clerk, who chanced to be an acquaintance. She purchased the book and turned to the index, where she giving herself and her future husband a found that such a dream as she experistart, and with this purpose she settled enced foretold that the dreamer would on the land in question, a portion of the receive twice as much as she had lost. famous water reserve territory. The "What would I get," she said to the clerk innocently, "that would be twice land she gets is worth about \$4,500, having valuable pine on it. The young lady's friends state the wedding will take place in the near future. Secretary Hoke Smith's decision has settled that.— Eau Claire (Wis.) Special,

THE GIRLS DIDN'T KNOW, YOU KNOW

Seroeis Guests From Boston Try Delmo oo's After 6 Without an Escort. Boston newspaper women are confess-edly—and self confessedly—bright, but all of them are not yet up to the ways the anniversary breakfast of Sorosis Monday, a number of them coming over several days earlier to see a few of sights of the town. They were entertained with liberal hospitality-breakfasts,

With characteristic Boston independ its precious burden disappear into the ence, however, a few of them decided to devote one evening to an outing on their own account. After much discussion it was finally decided to dine at

luncheons, dinners, receptions and thea-

Five of them started out from the Waldorf one evening with that object in view. They filed majestically through the Fifth avenue entrance of the famous restaurant, but were immediately confronted by a male being with an impos-ing expanse of shirt front, who calmly informed them that they could not be

ing point in a minute. What, they, the representatives of Boston's intellect, culture and intelligence, denied admittance to a New York restaurant! It was not to be borne. Were they not welcome at Parker's, at Young's, at the Vendome and at other shrines of Hub hospitality, and should they be denied entrance guardian of the portal gave it kindly, but firmly. It was after the mystic hour

when no woman could be admitted withman followed, fully expecting to find the in Del's sacred precincts without an escort, and no exception could be made even for such distinguised guests. Meekly they withdrew, having acquired a new wrinkle in the way of New York's customs. Over what they said let the veil of secrecy be thrown. What they they thought may be left to the imagina-tion.—New York Telegram.

GOLD FIND IN GEORGIA.

Rediscovery of the Mine Worked by De So and His Followers 300 Years Ago. Mr. W. C. Padget, a sawmill man operating a mill in the mountains northeast of this place, has discovered some interesting relics in the way of stone mortars and other implements. Mr. Padget secured the services of Professor Clark, an old mining engineer, to proswolfship. He probably sniffed about the child after laying it down under the tions they discovered the spur of a quartz vein, which they went down for a bit. It proved better than they had fancied. They found gold sticking in the quartz in plenty, visible to the naked eye. Professor Clark said:

"It is a valuable find, beyond doubt. mined for gold and silver 800 years ago. There is every evidence to prove this. ing utensils and the other relics hewn Japan. The person of this priest is so from the solid stone. All this proves conclusively the site of an ancient mine. in contact with it so very precious in its | As to the mineral deposit, there are seven well defined veins that are legitimate in every sense, having a well defined ignens used in washing the body after death granite foot wall rock and overhanging was eagerly sought for and gratefully reslate top wall running northeast and southwest, dip east southeast."-Ellijay

from being vaccinated 47 times, and his case is regarded as about as serious as and his home is on Mulberry street. Recently the school board ordered all the school children vaccinated, and Werts' virus in her arm caused an itching sensation, and on the sly she used her hairbrush to alleviate it. At the same time she accommodated her brother, loaning him her brush, which he used in lieu of The virus on the brush was effectually introduced in the lad's system, and his parents becoming frightened sent for a doctor. He came, shook his head doubtof the policemen attacked by burglars at Sydney are dying. The survivors have been promoted and given bonuses by Sir land y endeavoring to prevent this confully and sent for Health Officer Richstand two other physicians. It looked like smallpox, but the little sister diagainst him, and the delay secured is a vulged her secret, and the whole matter was explained. There are on young Werts' back 47 separate places where the vaccination is getting in its work .- Wil-

liamsport (Pa.) Letter. Anti-German Prejudice In France. Paris furnishes two or three odd featween society and anarchy, the anti-German prejudice has taken a new form. The proprietor of the famous Bohemian restaurant known as the Dead Hat the other day insisted that four German artists dining there speak French instead of | to the inevitable, and the election was their native language, saying that his customers objected. The victims are said widow of the late pastor, assisted by the to have been subjected to the same annoyance in other restaurants. They re- and who acted in the same capacity for fused to comply and left the place .-Paris Letter.

Stamped His Collar Postal authorities here were surprised the other day to discover in the mail matter a slightly soiled linen collar. At first it seemed that some absentminded person had mistaken a letter box for a soiled clothesbasket. But an address on one side of the linen, with a canceled postage stamp and a letter written on the other, proved that the linen had been put to use as the conveyer of intelligence. So the collar was back stamped and the missive delivered, -Worcester (Mass.)

There is still another of the former glories of Paris about to disappear-the Restaurant Vefour. It was put up for sale, but no bid having been made sufficiently high to pay the rent (50,000 at pains to enter a public denial to re-francs) the sale had to be adjourned. It ports that a silver bathtub was among was founded in 1787 and cost its last prowhen the latest expedition reaches the prietor upward of a million.—Paris Jour-

Rather Awkward. The readiness with which French juries acquit husbands who take the lives | Cannes calls my attention to a social of their wives' lovers leads sometimes to | feature of the royal gayeties in the past clid avenue motor was rather high, and she requested a gentleman to hold her baby while she boarded the car. He awkward mistakes by too hasty spouses. fortnight which will be of special inter-An unlucky glazier was repairing the est to Americans. One of the first acts window of the boudoir of a lady whom of the Prince of Wales on his arrival at the house entered and caught sight of upon a private citizen of the United the man behind a curtain. He pulled a States. Two days later the prince invitrevolver without a word and fired at the ed him to lunch, an invitation which the glazier, who is now in the hospital bad- American was unable to accept, because ly wounded. The husband feels very he himself was that day entertaining exfoolish, but is willing to pay a big bill of | Empress Eugenie, Grand Duke Michel damages.-Paris Letter.

> An Important Railway. The important strategic railway connecting Tien-tein with Shan-hai-Kwan, Sinclairs in Pepin county. Both were the town at the eastern foot of the great poor. She determined to do her part in wall, where it runs down to the gulf of Liutong, is now completed, and the new Chinese minister to London traveled by it last week. He was thereby enabled to reach the sea and get a steamer for Shanghai instead of having to remain the winter in Tien-tsin or be carried down by chair nearly a thousand miles overland, Tien-tsin being frozen up from December until March.-London Times.

a Little New York Boy.

A bold attempt was made in broad daylight recently by two gypsy women to kidnap Harold Deane, the bright litand wiles of the metropolis. Several of the curly haired 8-year-old son of Edward the leading lights were in attendance at G. Deane, a wealthy boot and shoe dealer at Matteawan, N. Y. The Deane family live in a handsome residence on Cliff street in that village.

For several days a band of gypsie have been encamped a few miles from Matteawan. It was the custom of the women of the party to roam around the village every day. On Tuesday after-noon little Harold Deane was allowed by his colored nurse to go out in the front yard and play. The child had been there only a short

time when two gypsy women came along who were ostensibly selling fancy colored baskets. They boldly entered the yard of the Deane residence, and one of them asked little Harold if he wanted a pretty basket. The child replied that he did when one of the women handed the boy a little basket, which he gleefully accepted. Then the women each took hold of one of the child's hands and led him gently out into and up Cliff street. The boy went quietly and willingly. The The blood of the Puritans was at boilnurse missed him soon afterward and went out in the street to look for Harold. but he was nowhere to be seen. She screamed and then ran two or three blocks, when she was finally told that a little boy had been seen walking along with two wild looking women. She continued on and eventually came across

the trio on the outskirts of the village, over half a mile from the child's home. The gypey women were still leading the child by the hands. The nurse grabbed the little boy and attempted to wrest him from his captors. The gypsies held on firmly to the child, however, not being at all disposed to let him go. But the nurse screamed and fought them, and when the other women saw that people were coming to her rescue they let go of the child and ran away.

While the nurse was taking him home little Harold said that the gypsy women had promised to take him on the cars ever so far away. When officers from Matteawan visited the gypsy camp a few hours later in an effort to arrest the would be kidnapers, they found it deserted, as the members of the band had all hurriedly pulled upstakes and driven off. The incident created considerable excitement in the village.-New York Herald.

A MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

Like an Answer to Prayer. We have in our possession a photograph of one of the strangest and most remarkable accidents that ever came to our knowledge. It lies on the desk as we write and was handed to us by M. E. I believe it to be the exact spot where Allen, a photographer by occupation, De Soto and his followers located and who told us the interesting little story connected with it. The photo represents a saucer, in the center of which is The remains of a large fort, the old ex- a distinct likeness of a human face. It cavations, some of which have trees is the bust of a man, with curly hair and growing in them 200 years old, the cook- dark beard, and several to whom it has been exhibited at once recognized a resemblance between the engravings usually seen of Christ. It seems that some time since a Mrs.

young Mr. Allen has been in the photo- by an interviewer the other day what graph business, suffered the loss of a people become the most abnormal in this favorite daughter. The bereavement left the mother broken hearted. She is A lad of this town is now suffering while cleaning the dinner table, in gathering up the dishes preparatory to clean-ing them the settlings of a cup of coffee the latter with flattery. Nevertheless smallpox would be. His name is Werts, ran into a saucer which had not been sent the manuscript over the ocean used. In taking up the saucer to wipe away the settlings she saw, to her intense astonishment, that the coffee grounds tions. Not a bit of it. The translator little sister was one of the victims. The had a perfect profile of a human bust, took it to 14 editors without getting it head and face formed the ideal likeness England." of Jesus Christ. She recognized it as such instantly and accepted the strange coincidence as an answer to her prayer. a regular flesh brush to rub his back. The grounds dried on the saucer and yet retained the shape they first assumed. The dish has been photographed by our informant, and any one so desiring may see it at our office. Mr. Allen assures us that no human hand has touched the remarkable production, and that Mrs. Timmerman is a reliable and truthful lady. To say the least of the occurrence, it is a very remarkable circumstance.-Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle.

Spurgeon, Jr., Succeeds Spurgeon, Sr. The election of Thomas Spurgeon by a triumphant majority to the pastorate of the famous Metropolitan tabernacle tures of life. Besides the campaign be- in succession to his father was due to careful organization and persistent canvassing. It was feared that the partisans of Dr. Pierson would endeavor to prevent a decisive vote being taken, but at the last moment they wisely yielded widow of the late pastor, assisted by the Rev. J. Herrold, her private secretary, her husband, directed the campaign in behalf of Thomas Spurgeon, who, by the way, was from the first the favorite of the lady members of the congregation.-London Letter.

Cleanliness Against Boston Rules. At the last meeting of the school committee it was solemnly voted "that permission be given to Mrs. Annie Fields to employ women to wash the floors of the Bowdoin schoolhouse and the windows of the Chardon Court schoolhouse." This vote was necessary, because it is contrary to the school committee's rules to wash the floors and windows of a Boston schoolroom oftener than once a year. This sounds strange, but it is true.—Bos-

That Silver Bathtub. Frederick Gebhard, who is spending his honeymoon at Eatontown, N. J., i his presents to the bride. He needs nothing of that kind to enable him to keep in the swim.

J. G. B. and Royalty.

A gentleman just returned to London from the racing and other festivities at and other royal guests. It is a fact well

all Europe is so cordially welcomed in the most exclusive circles of royalty and aristocracy as this man. His name is James Gordon Bennett.-New York Sun's London Letter. A Philadelphia Inquiry. The Philadelphia Inquirer quotes statistics showing that, while New York re-

to know why these things are so.

known in all courts and salons on the

continent that no untitled individual in

ULCERS OR PIMPLES, SORES our blood is bad. A few bottles of S. S. S. will boroughly cleanse the system, remove all im-crities and build you up. All manner of blem-CLEARED AWAY

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Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Quicksand swallowed W. A. Finley, a hotel proprietor of Norristown, Tuesday, to the waist, and but for the heroic assistance of two friends he would have

met an awful doom. Finley, William Shine and John Goodwin started out to catch snipe and snappers. They drove to Fairview and then started on foot up the Skippack creek, which flows a mile from the town. They chose this spot for their tour for game because it is rarely visited. Finley and Shine waded in the creek searching for snappers, while Goodwin remained on the bank gunning for snipe.

Without knowing it, Finley walked into a bed of quicksand. He did not realize for some minutes the peril he was in. Rapidly he began to sink, and then the horror of the threatened doom confronted him. He tried to lift his feet, but his legs had sunk to the tops of his boots in the consuming sand, and the water touched his waist. Finley pulled and tugged at his right leg. It yielded, but at the same time his left foot penetrated deeper and deeper into the mysterious substance. Then he reversed his efforts and with all his strength pulled at his left leg. It yielded, but the right leg went down to an alarming depth.

Finley called to Shine for help, and the latter responded quickly. He tried in vain at his own peril to extricate his friend. By this time the quicksand had almost swallowed Finley's legs, and the water was gradually rising and nearing his shoulders.

Then Goodwin was summoned. The victim was sinking more rapidly now, and the water was getting alarmingly near his chin. The combined efforts of the two friends checked the descent. They tugged for 10 minutes before Finley, utterly exhausted, was pulled from the quicksand. For curiosity they afterward tried to reach the bottom of the bed with long sticks. The sand was found to be over six feet deep .- Philadelphia Record.

Tolstol and the Americans. Count Tolstoi is lamenting the growth of vicious tendencies in society and in-Timmerman of Piedmont, S. C., where | bred sin in all countries. He was asked

respect. He replied:
"At any rate, not the Americans. To a Christian woman, and she prayed that | their credit must be put the immense na-God would give her some token by which tional self love, which cannot exist in an and, what was yet more wonderful, that accepted, and finally it had to be sent to

> DR. HUMPHREYS' New Specific No. Seventy-Seven FOR THE CURE OF

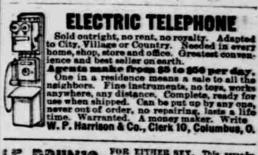
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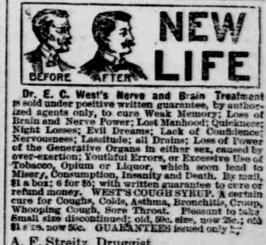
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